

SIR JOHN FRENCH'S HIGH PRAISE FOR THE TERRITORIALS

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One Halfpenny.

PRIVATE RAPHAEL, BARONET AND M.P., SETS A GOOD EXAMPLE
TO THE MEN OF THE COUNTRY.

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Leaving home.

Sir Herbert H. Raphael, Bart., M.P., a great banker, a trustee of the National Gallery, and a man of many weighty public affairs, whose country seat is Allestree Hall, Derby, is now known as Private Raphael. He has joined the 2nd Sportsman's Bat-

Private Raphael (x) marching through the Strand.

talion, and will shortly go into camp at Gidea Park, which is on one of his own estates. Here Private Raphael will live in a hut. Sir Herbert has deliberately enlisted as a private to set an example to other men. He is very popular with the battalion.

TOMMY TURNS FARMER IN FRANCE.

g. 331 F

CLERK TO DIRECTOR IN THREE MONTHS.

P. 1700



France lost all her wheat crops in Northern France last autumn, but is now getting the land into cultivation again. Some of our men know the use of a plough, and are not unwilling helpers. Tommy is doing his work well here, judging from the regular furrow.



Mr. Graeme Thomson, head of the Admiralty Transport Department. Mr. Churchill describes him as "one of the discoveries of the war." He has risen from clerk to director in three months, and has made arrangements by which 1,000,000 men have been taken across the seas without accident or loss of life.

NO FASTING DURING LENT SEASON.

Cardinal's Special Dispensation to Save Poor from Hardship.

BAN ON LUXURIES.

To-day is Ash Wednesday, the first day of Lent, the period of fasting and self-denial.

This year's observance of Lent will probably work a new era in the history of the country.

One of the most notable signs of the times, showing the effect that the war is having on all classes of the community, is that throughout the whole of the Roman Catholic Church in Great Britain there will be no fasting this year. The reasons for this dispensation are given in the pastoral letter of Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster. He says:

"The circumstances of the moment, the great increase in the required kinds of food, and the consequent serious difficulty in observing the traditional practices of Lenten fare, require us to use Holy Father.

In consequence we dispense the faithful of the Diocese, until we shall otherwise ordain, from the observance of the laws of fasting and abstinence, even on Fridays, with the exception of Ash Wednesday and of Good Friday, on which days abstinence from flesh-meat must be observed, while all other kinds of food are permitted.

A priest at the Clergy House, Westminster Cathedral, told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday that this Lenten dispensation had been given chiefly because of the high price of fish and foodstuffs generally, which, if the usual fasting was enforced, might entail hardships on the poor.

AVOID EXTRAVAGANCE.

"In the ordinary course of events Catholics eat only one substantial meal during the day, with fish instead of meat, every Wednesday and Friday. A dispensation such as has been given for the whole of Lent is, of course, a rare event."

Many people, so *The Daily Mirror* ascertained yesterday, are practising various forms of self-denial during Lent.

The one object of most people is to avoid extravagance, to curtail luxuries, and at the same time, to keep it and ready to do a full share of work.

A few Lenten resolutions, collected yesterday from men and women, are:—

A middle-aged business man:—"I have decided to rise an hour earlier every morning and take a little exercise before breakfast. Our household will live on plain, wholesome food with very few luxuries. We shall live a quiet, normal life."

A young man of twenty-five:—"No cigarettes, no drinks between meals—these are my two resolutions for Lent. I shall then, I hope, be fit enough by Easter to pass the Army doctor."

A girl typist:—"I am giving up sweets and pastries, and the only reward will be sent to help the Belgian refugees."

MONEY-BOX FINES.

Miss Ruby M. Ayres, the well-known novelist, said:—"We have decided that everybody in our house who starts 'grousing' in any way about the war or the dearness of things is to put a penny in a money-box. By Eastertide we hope to provide cigarettes for a lot of soldiers."

"Lent is the proper time for everyone to reconsider diet and to cut off the food and drinks which are harmful to the health of a doctor. Lent is the best time of the year for 'retrenchment'."

Vegetarians are preparing wonderful dishes for the no-meat-eaters during Lent.

Lectures and demonstrations on "Lenten Cookery" are to be given at the offices of the London Vegetarian Association, Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street, every Tuesday afternoon for the next six weeks.

Yesterday was Pancake Day, but few people remembered it.

"Haven't you any pancakes to-day?" said an old gentleman in a City restaurant yesterday in a shocked tone. "Sorry, sir," said the waiter, "but I think they must have forgotten all about them this year!"

TRAGEDY THAT CAUSED TRAGEDY.

The tragedy of a school holiday, involving three deaths, will be investigated to-day by the Dublin coroner.

The victims are Katie McCarthy, aged thirteen; her sister Annie, aged eleven; and a woman as yet unidentified.

Freed from school in honour of Lord and Lady Aberdeen's viceregal departure, the two girls went for a walk by the Grand Canal. The elder girl somehow fell into the water, and her younger sister Annie made heroic efforts to save her, but both were drowned. A woman who saw the tragedy fell dead from the shock.

WELSHMEN ON THE MARCH.

Llandudno in these days is more like a garrison town than a holiday resort, so thronged is it with troops.

The 1st Brigade of the Welsh Army Corps, under Brigadier-General Owen Thomas, is billeted there, and a surprising number of recruits are daily joining the ranks.

These may be seen at any time "the day drilling in squad on the promenade."

On marches these Welshmen require no bands, for their whistling and singing in harmony is something well worth hearing.

Parcels, as well as letters, for prisoners of war interned in Germany may now be insured with the Post Office.

MAIMED HEROES' RETURN

British Prisoners, Mutilated for Life, on Way Back from Germany.

EXCHANGE OF CAPTIVES.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 16.—The train with the British wounded came into Oldenzaal (Holland) from the German frontier at midnight.

There were about one hundred wounded, including four officers—namely, Lieutenant M. V. Hay and Lieutenant R. D. Robertson, of the Gordon Highlanders, Major C. W. Davy, of the Royal Engineers, and Captain Marston.

They were accompanied by sixteen men and four women of the German Volunteer Red Cross under a staff-surgeon. The German medical officers remained on the train to continue the journey to Flushing, where they will meet the German wounded.

At Oldenzaal Station the burgomaster was present with some members of the Red Cross, and several ladies offered refreshments to the wounded. All the wounded were young men, some blind in one or both eyes, some with one or both legs or arms gone, or in some other way mutilated for life.

They were all in good spirits and rejoicing at the prospect of arriving home soon. At 12.45 exactly this morning the train steamed out of the station—Reuter's Special. The permanently disabled German prisoners, about 100 in number, who are to be exchanged for the British prisoners returning from Germany, left Folkestone yesterday on the Dutch steamer Meckleberg for Flushing, where the exchange will be effected.

Many of the Germans spoke highly of the kind treatment they had received in England.

PRIVATE RAPHAEL, M.P.

Baronet Enlists in Order to "Rough It" with Sportsmen in a Hut.

"Sir Herbert Raphael is not in, but Private Raphael will see you."

That was the little explanation given yesterday when *The Daily Mirror* called at the house in Cavendish-square of Sir Herbert Henry Raphael, Bart., M.P. for South Derbyshire.

Sir Herbert, one of the wealthiest and one of the busiest men in the House of Commons, has just enlisted as a private in the Sportsman's Battalion.

Now he is no longer Sir Herbert Raphael, but just Private Raphael.

"Some people think," he told *The Daily Mirror*, "that although I have joined as a private, I shall continue to live at home and motor to Gidea Park daily for drills, but that is not so."

"I am going down to live in a hut with the other men and have my share of the hardships and hard work of soldiering. An officer told me that I might find the life rough if I had not got a servant. I don't want a servant."

"I want to rough it, and I want other young men to come and do the same."

"I joined without telling anybody, not even my wife."

"Now I must be off to drill."

LETTERS IN LEATHER SOLES.

Letters discovered hidden in the soles of his boots between the layers of leather led to the appearance of Pascol Santoro, an Italian, at Folkestone Police Court yesterday on a charge of making a false declaration on landing from Flushing. He was fined £2 and costs.

Accused said he hid the letters, which were for an English firm, to prevent confiscation by the Germans when he was leaving Brussels.

CHAFFED ABOUT WAR.

Drowned Man Said To Have Rather Dreaded Prospect of Serving.

OPEN VERDICT AT INQUEST.

That he had been chaffed about not joining the Army, a prospect he rather dreaded, was stated at the inquest at Mortlake yesterday regarding the death of Oliver G. Hiscutt, who was attached to the London Hospital Medical College.

Hiscutt, who was twenty-three years of age, disappeared from the hospital about a month ago and nothing further was heard of him until last Saturday, when his body was recovered from the Thames at Barnes.

Ernest Clarke, of Edgware-road, deceased's brother-in-law, said Hiscutt had always enjoyed good health. He was not given to athletic exercises, but studied a good deal.

The Coroner: Was he fond of rowing?—He used to do some rowing. He was always nervous of the water. In fact, he had a perfect horror of the water.

Did he ever talk about the war? Do you think that affected him at all?—I do not think he liked the idea of joining the Army.

Did anyone ever try to induce him to join?—I think he was "clipped" a little bit at the hospital about not joining. He was not of that disposition.

Did he seem to be annoyed about this chaff?—Yes. When we talked about conscription he said it was all very well for married men, who would not be expected to go, to talk like that.

Sidney Edwards, of the Royal Army Medical Corps, said that Hiscutt had been spoken to in a friendly fashion about joining the Army, and he (witness) did not think deceased was worried about it to any extent.

The Coroner: Do you think he thought he was shirking his duty to the nation?—No. I do not think so.

A doctor from the London Hospital described deceased as a sober, hard-working man and one in whom he had every confidence. With regard to joining the Army, he was of small physique and it was a question whether he would have been accepted.

Death, it was stated, was due to drowning, and the jury returned an open verdict.

FOOD IN WAR TIME.

How People in Berlin Suffer Much More Than Londoners.

How food has advanced in price during the past few weeks is shown in an interesting statement in the "Board of Trade Labour Gazette."

During January there was a rise in the cost of the necessities of life of between 3 and 4 per cent.

The most important feature in the list of prices, as will be seen from the following figures, was the continued upward movement in the prices of flour, bread and potatoes.

	Per cent.		Per cent.
Flour	12	Cheese	5
Bread	9	Meat	3
Potatoes	9	Butter	3

Food prices in Berlin in December were 26.1 per cent. above the July level, as compared with 20.3 per cent. above that level in November.

In December there were increases in the price of rye bread, wheat flour, butter, lard, coffee, eggs, beef, veal, pork, bacon, split peas, haricot beans and lentils.

Comparing December prices with those prevailing in July, the articles showing the most marked advances were wheat bread, rye flour, butter, lard (69 per cent.), eggs, bacon, rice, split peas, haricot beans and lentils.



The Meat Market section of the National Guard do their drills at Smithfield, surrounded by the huge carcasses which hungry London afterwards eats for its lunches and dinners.

WIFE'S PLEA FOR ANOTHER CHANCE.

Major Returns from the Front to Seek a Divorce.

LETTERS FROM ASYLUM.

Pathetic letters from a wife to her husband begging him to forgive her were read in a divorce suit which came before Sir Samuel Evans and a jury yesterday.

The petition was brought by Major Richard Broadhurst Dutton, managing director of a firm of Bristol anners, who sought the dissolution of his marriage, alleging misconduct by his wife with Mr. Douglas Ariel Clark. The charges were denied.

A poignant portion in one of the wife's letters to her husband was as follows:—

Only think of what it is for a woman to be thrown on the world unprotected, and I cannot bring myself to believe it will ever be my fate. To be cast away from all I love—husband and children—seems more than I can bear. If you will give me another chance and take me back how utterly different I would be.

Counsel stated that Major Dutton had been fighting at the front since the middle of November. He had obtained leave to come and give evidence, and was due to go back to-day. The hearing was adjourned.

"I AM DEEPLY SORRY."

Opening the case for the petitioner, Mr. J. H. Campbell, K.C., said that when three children of the marriage, which took place in 1895, the wife being the daughter of a clergyman. They resided in and around Bristol, but petitioner was frequently away from home on business. In 1908 Mrs. Dutton began to neglect her home and spent a great deal of time in Bristol.

Petitioner heard rumours about her conduct and had to complain of her manner towards other men, and finally Major Dutton consulted a solicitor, and Mrs. Dutton went to stay with her mother at High Barnet.

In September, 1909, Major Dutton received the following letter from his wife:—

My dear Broadhurst,—I feel in such terrible depths of despair at the awful position I am in that I feel compelled to write and ask you if you will let me have an interview with you. . . . Only place yourself in my position and I feel you will not do otherwise than grant me this favour."

"I must confess that of late and for some time in consequence of lack of sleep and I have most unfortunately acted in a reckless and utterly thoughtless manner, and have done things quite unintentionally to compromise myself. I hear from my solicitor I am accused unjustly."

"I know you have thought I did not care for you. That is not true. I do care for you. . . . I feel almost mad with regret to think of the past, which I can never wipe out of my mind, and only wish I had the chance to make up to the future."

"MADE ME RECKLESS."

Subsequently, said Mr. Campbell, Mrs. Dutton went to Bristol, where she confessed to her husband that she had misconducted herself while she was living at a boarding-house. She remained in Bristol, and her mother took her to a doctor concerning her state of mind. She was in a very nervous and highly-strung condition, but nothing more.

In the following month, however, she was placed under restraint at private asylum near Bristol, where she remained until May, 1913, when she was discharged as cured.

While at the institution in February, 1912, said counsel, she wrote to her husband and I am writing to you in the deepest anguish and humiliation. Do not wish to defend my conduct, but I did not know or fully realise the terrible influence my sister exercised over me. She made me believe you were false to me. She insisted there was neither God nor devil, which had the effect of making me utterly reckless."

"I long to go down on my knees before you and implore your forgiveness. I only trust you may some day bring yourself to look upon me as a changed woman."

LETTERS OF REMORSE.

The letter went on to give the names of several men, including the co-respondent. Petitioner replied:—

I hope you realise that your conduct has caused irreparable damage to your children, and has left a fearful mark on me. It is only by your making a clean breast of it that you can make any amends."

In another letter the wife wrote: "I am afraid some of the statements about me are untrue. For instance, the one with regard to the black man."

Mr. Campbell observed that it might be said on the other side that because the letters were written while the lady was in an asylum they were not to be relied on. But counsel thought they were letters of remorse and those of a woman who had made up her mind to tell the truth.

Petitioner, who was in khaki, stated in cross-examination by Mr. Barnard, K.C., that he was not aware there was insanity in his wife's family or that her father suffered from delusions.

DISMISSED WITH DISGRACE.

A court-martial, held at Victoria Barracks, Belfast, has sentenced Gunner Patrick Duggan, alias Patrick Farrell, alias Arthur Ward, to three years' penal servitude and ordered his dismissal from the service with ignominy.

He was found guilty of (1) escaping while undergoing six months' imprisonment; (2) of desertion, and (3) of fraudulent enlistment.

UNSTINTED PRAISE FOR TERRITORIALS AND OUT OF ACTION

Sir J. French's Fine Tribute to Yeomanry in His Latest Dispatch.

CITY MEN AS EFFICIENT AS REGULARS.

Gordon Highlanders' Brilliant Charge on German Trenches—Officers' 'Splendid Dash.'

HOW MUD SAVED THE ENEMY FROM BAYONETS.

"I consider that the Territorial Force has far more than justified the most sanguine hopes that any of us ventured to entertain of their value in the field."

This is the very high tribute paid by Field-Marshal Sir John French in a long dispatch from Headquarters, which was issued last night.

This dispatch tells a moving story of the great fight which Britain's little Army is making against a "most vigilant enemy" and almost continuous bad weather.

It is a story of successes won by death-defying heroism, and a story also of several severe losses.

The need of more men is vividly shown throughout the dispatch.

Most people will endorse the Field-Marshal's comment on the meagre reports from the front—

"I regard it as most unfortunate that circumstances have prevented any account of many splendid instances of courage and endurance, in the face of almost unparalleled hardship and fatigue in war, coming regularly to the knowledge of the public."

FIGHTING GORDONS' LOSS IN GREAT CHARGE.

Sir John French on Highlanders' Rush in Face of "Terrible Fire."

Sir John French begins his dispatch, dated February 2, with a reference to the King's visit. He says:—

At a time when the strength and endurance of the troops had been tried to the utmost

"THE BOYS" IN HIGH SPIRITS.

The troops composing the Army in France have been subjected to as severe a trial as it is possible to impose upon any body of men.

The men have been called upon to stand for many hours together almost up to their waists in bitterly cold water, only separated by one or two hundred yards from a most vigilant enemy.

In spite of all this they presented, at inspections, a most soldier-like, splendid, though somewhat war-worn appearance.

Their spirit remains high and confident; their general health is excellent, and their condition most satisfactory.—Sir J. French's Dispatch.

throughout the long and arduous battle of Ypres-Armentieres the presence of his Majesty in their midst was of the greatest possible help and encouragement.

On November 16 Lieutenant His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, K.G., Grenadier Guards, joined my staff as aide-de-camp.

Since the date of my last report the operations of the Army under my command have been subject almost entirely to the limitations of weather.

The deadly accuracy, range and quick-firing capabilities of the modern rifle and machine gun require that a fire-swept zone be crossed in the shortest possible space of time.

But if men are detained under the enemy's fire by the difficulty of emerging from a water-logged trench, and by the necessity of passing over ground knee-deep in holding mud and slush, such attacks become practically prohibitive owing to the losses they entail.

During the early days of December certain indications along the whole front of the Allied line induced the French commanders and myself to believe that the enemy had withdrawn considerable forces from the western theatre.

Arrangements were made with the Commander of the 8th French Army for an attack to be commenced on December 14.

Operations began at 7 a.m. by a combined heavy artillery bombardment by the two French and the 2nd British Corps.

The British objectives were the Petit Bois and the Maedelstodt Spur, lying respectively to the west and south-west of the village of Wytschate. At 7.45 a.m. the Royal Scots, with great dash,

rushed forward and attacked the former, while the Gordon Highlanders attacked the latter place.

The Royal Scots, commanded by Major F. J. Duncan, D.S.O., in face of a terrible machine-gun and rifle fire, carried the German trench on the west edge of the Petit Bois, capturing two machine-guns and fifty-three prisoners.

The Gordon Highlanders, with great gallantry, advanced up the Maedelstodt Spur, forcing the enemy to evacuate their front trench.

They were, however, losing heavily, and found themselves unable to get any further. At nightfall they were obliged to fall back to their original position.

Captain C. Boddam-Whetham and Lieutenant W. F. R. Dobie showed splendid dash, and with a few men entered the enemy's leading trenches; but they were all either killed or captured.

Although not successful, the operation was most creditable to the fighting spirit of the Gordon Highlanders, most ably commanded by Major A. W. F. Baird, D.S.O.

SCALING LADDER RUSH.

Possession of the western edge of the Petit Bois was, however, retained.

The casualties during the day were about seventeen officers and 407 other ranks.

The losses of the enemy were very considerable.

HOLDING THE KEEP.
On January 23 the enemy began to shell Bethune, and at 8 a.m. a strong hostile infantry attack developed south of the canal, preceded by a heavy bombardment.

The British line south of the canal formed a pronounced salient from the canal on the left, thence running forward toward the railway triangle and back to the main La Bassée-Bethune road, where it joined the French.

This line was occupied by half a battalion of the Scots Guards and half a battalion of the Coldstream Guards, of the First Infantry Brigade. The trenches in the salient were blown in almost at once, and the enemy's attack penetrated this line.

Our troops retired to a partially prepared second line . . . which had been strengthened by the construction of a keep half-way between the canal and the road.

ATTACK WITH SCALING LADDERS.

On January 23 attacks were made on the right of the First Corps, south of the canal in the neighbourhood of La Bassée.

The enemy (part of the 14th German Corps), after a severe shelling, made a violent attack with scaling ladders on the keep, also to the north and south of it.

In the keep and on the north side the Sussex Regiment held the enemy off, inflicting on him serious losses.

On the south side the hostile infantry succeeded in reaching the Northamptonshire Regiment's trenches, but were immediately counter-attacked and all killed.

Our artillery co-operated well with the infantry in repelling the attack.

In this action our casualties were inconceivable, but the enemy lost severely, more than 200 of his killed alone being left in front of our position.

"FINE PIECE OF WORK."

A fine piece of work," says Sir J. French, was carried out by the 4th Brigade in the neighbourhood of Cuijnchy on February 1.

Some of the 2nd Coldstream Guards were driven from their trenches at 2.30 a.m., but made a stand some twenty yards east of them in a position which they held till morning.

At 10.5 a.m., acting under orders of the 1st Division, a heavy bombardment was opened on the lost ground for ten minutes; and this was followed immediately by an assault by about fifty men of the 2nd Coldstream Guards with bayonets, led by Captain A. Leigh Bennett, followed by thirty men of the Irish Guards, led by Second-Lieutenant F. F. Graham, also with bayonets.

These were followed by a party of Royal Engineers with sand bags and wire.

All the ground which had been lost was brilliantly retaken; the 2nd Coldstream Guards also

taking another German trench and capturing two machine guns.

Thirty-two prisoners fell into our hands.

In his report the General Officer Commanding First Army writes:—

Special credit is due to the regimental officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the 2nd Coldstream Guards and Irish Guards, who, with indomitable pluck, stormed two sets of barricades, captured three German trenches, two machine guns, and killed or made prisoners many of the enemy.

TERRITORIALS PRAISED.

This glowing tribute to the Territorials is paid by Sir J. French:—

In the positions which I held for some years before the outbreak of this war I was brought into close contact with the Territorial Force, and I found every reason to hope and believe that, when the hour of trial arrived, they would justify every hope which was placed in them.

The Lords-Lieutenant of Counties and the Associations which worked under them bestowed a vast amount of labour and energy on the organisation of the Territorial Force; and I trust it may be some recompense to them to know that I, and the principal commanders serving under me, con-

FRENCH'S THANKS TO HIS MEN.

Below are a few brief extracts from the tributes of Sir John French to various units:—

Royal Flying Corps has again performed splendid service. German aircraft invariably beat immediate retreat when chased by British. Approximately 100,000 miles have been flown.

Royal Engineers have shown themselves as capable of overcoming flood ravages as they have been throughout in neutralising effect of enemy's artillery.

Royal Army Medical Corps works with untiring zeal, skill and devotion.

Princess Patricia's Royal Canadians. A magnificent set of men. Have done excellent work in trenches.

Indian troops have fought with the utmost steadfastness and gallantry whenever called upon.

Under the Territorial Force has far more than justified the most sanguine hopes that any of us ventured to entertain of their value and use in the field.

Commanders of cavalry divisions are unstinted in their praise of the manner in which the Yeomanry regiments attached to their brigades have done their duty, both in and out of action.

The service of Divisional Cavalry is now almost entirely performed by Yeomanry, and divisional commanders report that they are very efficient.

Army Corps Commanders are loud in their praise of the Territorial battalions which form part of nearly all the brigades at the front in the first line, and more than one of them have told me that these battalions are fast approaching—if they have not already reached—the standard of efficiency of regular infantry.

BRITISH WAR COUNCIL AND THE SEA PIRATES.

Lord Fisher Consults with Ministers at Momentous Conference.

What was practically a War Council was held yesterday at 10, Downing street.

The Prime Minister, Sir Edward Grey, Earl Kitchener and Mr. Lloyd George met in conference, and were joined later by Mr. Churchill, who left after a very short stay. Later in the afternoon the First Lord of the Admiralty returned, accompanied by Lord Fisher.

It is understood that the Ministers and Lord Fisher were concerned mainly with matters arising out of the German threat against merchant vessels, the Notes to and from the United States and other neutrals on the subject, and the measures which the Government contemplates

OSTEND RAIDED BY 48 AEROPLANES.

Another Bomb-Dropping Visit to Submarine Bases by British Naval Wing.

FRENCH FLYING MEN'S HELP.

Another great British air raid was reported late last night in the following statement issued by the Secretary of the Admiralty:—

The air operations of the naval wing against the Bruges, Ostend, Zeebrugge district have been continued.

This afternoon forty aeroplanes and seaplanes bombed Ostend, Middlekerke, Ghiselles and Zeebrugge.

Bombs were dropped on the heavy batteries situated on the east and west sides of Ostend Harbour, on the gun positions at Middlekerke, on transport wagons on the Ostend-Ghiselles road, on the Mole at Zeebrugge to widen the breach damaged in former attacks, on the locks at Zeebrugge, on barges outside Blankenberghe and on trawlers outside Zeebrugge.

Eight French aeroplanes assisted the naval machines by making a vigorous attack on the Ghiselles aerodrome, thus effectively preventing the German aircraft from cutting off our machines.

It is reported that good results were obtained. Instructions are always issued to confine the attacks to points of military importance, and every effort is made by the flying officers to avoid dropping bombs on any residential portions of the towns.

HOW BRITISH REGAINED LOST TRENCHES.

Sir J. French's First Bulletin Reports "Valuable Point" Taken Without Loss.

Field Marshal Sir John French's first bulletin shows that good work has been done by our troops; a valuable point has been secured near La Bassée without loss, and trenches, which had been temporarily lost, have been recaptured.

It will be remembered that it was officially stated that Sir John French would send a communiqué twice a week.

Sir John French reports as follows:—

1. Since our successes near La Bassée at the beginning of last week there has been less activity in that area. We have, nevertheless, made some further progress in this quarter, and on the 13th a valuable point was secured without loss.

2. We have consolidated our hold on the ground gained, and the conclusive evidence has been obtained that the enemy's losses in the recent fighting thereabouts have been severe.

3. In the Ypres district the enemy attacked our lines on the 14th inst. and succeeded at first in gaining possession of a few trenches. Counter-attacks were made by us and the ground lost was recovered, some prisoners being captured.

4. On the remainder of the front there has been some increase of intensity in the artillery duel, in which we have shown marked superiority. Direct hits have in several instances been secured on the enemy's guns and much damage has been done to his defences.

5. In spite of bad weather, our aircraft have carried out their accustomed tasks with conspicuous success. An airman discovered a hostile ammunition column near La Bassée and dropped a bomb on it, blowing up an ammunition wagon.

FRENCH FRONT CALM.

PARIS, Feb. 16.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

The British troops yesterday recaptured the two portions of trenches which they had lost the day before between St. Eloi and Ypres Canal.

Along the French front yesterday was calm on the whole. No infantry actions are reported and the particularly important successes of our artillery are confirmed.—Reuter.

£1,000 TO SINK SUBMARINE

A reward of £1,000 awaits any captain of a steam trawler who sinks or captures an enemy submarine, according to an official notice displayed yesterday outside Dover Customs House.

The same sum is offered to the captain of a trawler who gives such information as results in the sinking or capture of any enemy warship, down to a submarine or mine sweeper.

Other rewards, varying from £500 downwards, are offered for services which can be performed by trawlers in providing information of movements by hostile warships.



This cart without wheels was seen in the London streets yesterday. The idea is to enable it to surmount obstacles when heavily loaded. It would also be useful on muddy roads in which wheels are liable to stick.

SMOKING A PIPE OF PEACE AT THE FRONT. P. 931 E

After dinner in the British trenches is one of the soldier's happiest hours, when he can enjoy his pipe of peace before returning to the duties of war. Things look rather snug in this particular trench, where the men have just enjoyed a dinner cooked on a coke fire. Very frequently, however, these quiet little half-hours with a pipe are interrupted by sudden activity on the part of the enemy's gunners.

FESTIVAL OF ST. AGATHA AT CATANIA. P. 119 G

St. Agatha, who was martyred in A.D. 251, is held in great reverence by the inhabitants of Sicily, who hold an annual festival to her memory. This is a general view of the crowd and the procession in the streets of Catania. The shrine is being conducted by men and boys robed in white.

IN "BABY MINE." P. 610 F

Miss Agnes Glynne, who is playing in "Baby Mine," the successful farce now revived at the Vaudeville Theatre.

WED YESTERDAY. P. 169 G

Miss Annie Marguerite Lomer, daughter of the late Mr. C. Wilson Lomer, who was married yesterday to Major Leveson, D.S.O., of the 18th Hussars.

FOR THOSE WHO LIKE COCOA

Messrs. Savory and Moore manufacture a preparation of Cocoa and Milk which they highly recommend on account of its delicious flavour, nourishing properties and perfect digestibility. It is made from specially selected cocoa and pure country milk, and requires only the addition of hot water. The opinions of some of those who are using the Cocoa and Milk are given below, as they well explain its advantages.

(1) "I have tried your excellent preparation of Cocoa and Milk and find it very sustaining, and at the same time a very pleasant drink. I think it would be most useful, when travelling abroad, as it is so easily made."

(2) "I consider your Cocoa and Milk a preparation of exceptional merit, and though I have tried practically every known cocoa, it is the only one that gives me no discomfort. In the early morning I find a cup the very thing to 'freshen' me for the day, and as for the taste, I consider it lovely."

(3) "I find the Cocoa and Milk most satisfactory, and I have continued using it ever since. My boy, who is not strong, has it every morning."

Tins, 2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d., of all Chemists and Stores.

SAMPLE FOR 3d. POST FREE

A Trial Tin of the Cocoa and Milk will be sent, post free, for 3d. Mention "The Daily Mirror," and address: Savory and Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143A, New Bond-street, London.

Savory & Moore's
COCOA & MILK

NO ADVANCE IN PRICE

BORWICK'S

BAKING POWDER

LUNTIN
MIXTURE



6d. per ounce; 2/- Quarter Pound
THOMSON & PORTEOUS,
EDINBURGH.

Manufacturers of the above and also

ALDERWOOD MIXTURE 5 1/2 d.
TWO HOURS MIXTURE 5d.

"Delicious with Pancakes"

is the verdict of a noted chef who has tried

Pride of Canada

MAPLE SYRUP

—the clear, sweet sap of the Canadian Sugar Maple; a perfectly pure, natural syrup drawn straight from the tree. And it is just as delicious with stewed fruits, sponge puddings, and hot cakes.

"The Syrup with Fifty Uses."

Send name and address for FREE Book of original Maple Recipes, of new and delightful dainties.

THE CANADIAN MAPLE PRODUCTS CO., LTD.,
1, Endell Street, London, W.C.



In Glass
8d. and 1/-

At all leading
Grocers and
Confectioners.

Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1915.

THE HOME BLOCKADE.

BRITISH STOLIDITY—that more or less imaginary state of mind—has been considerably criticised since the war began. Some admire it. Others attack it and call it moral deadness. "Shall we never wake up? Oh, for a Zeppelin bomb!" We know the sort of man who wants us to wake up.

He is likely to be rather aggressive in the British home this week, when the blockade begins; we mean the German blockade, which is due to-morrow, as most people do not know. The wake-'em-up man anticipates a further rise of prices thereupon, and, taking his wife in hand, in a suddenly aggressive fit of the kind British husbands are liable to, he says: "Look here, dear, are you doing anything about this blockade?"

"What blockade, dear?"

"Hark at her! What blockade! Why, the foul piratical attack upon merchant vessels by German submarines."

"But hasn't that been going on quite a time, dear? I had an impression that they'd been attacking everything they saw, from big fish to hospital ships, for weeks. Why all this fuss?"

"Fuss? Who's making a fuss? I merely asked you what you're doing about it."

"Doing? Why, I'm doing what I did about the Zeppelins—nothing. What can I do?"

"You can reduce expenses. Food prices will go up after this. The insurance rates at sea will rise, and that will be put on to the price of foodstuffs. Prices will be at least double."

"Very well, dear, we must bear it as we can, but I've already told you several times that I can't reduce expenses."

"And why?"

"Because I've already reduced them quite as far as I can. I can't cut off anything more, because there's nothing more to cut off."

"But look at the fires in the house? Look at all this butter? And why two sweets at dinner? Why any sweets?"

"I know you don't like sweets, dear. I do."

Oh, this British stolidity! What are we to do? Do? Nothing. "Wait and see." Thoroughly British!

Then, as an afterthought, he reduced to silence, she may add: "I'll tell you what, dear. I'll promise not to have buttered toast at tea. That will save the butter."

With a muttered oath of horror he turns in a fever to a congenial fluster-journal. He takes up his "National Review."

W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

"This cheap and easy to destroy. There is not a joyful boy or innocent girl buoyant with fine purposes of duty, in all the street full of eager and rosy faces, but a cynic can kill and dishearten with a single word. Despondency comes readily enough to the most sanguine. Yes, this is easy; but to help the young soul, add energy, inspire hope, and blow the coals into a useful flame; to redeem despair by new thought, by firm action, that is not easy, that is the work of divine men.—R. W. Emerson.

CHILL MORNING.

Cold blows the wind frae east to west,
The drift is driving sairly;
Sae loud and shrill I hear the blast.
I'm sure it's winter fairly.
The birds sit chattering in the thorn
A' day they fare but sparely!
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn—
I'm sure it's winter fairly.
Up in the morning's no for me.
Up in the morning early;
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw
I'm sure it's winter fairly.
—Burns.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

"BOXING."

DOES ANYBODY give to these ladies who dodge at street corners with boxes? I never do. I always fancy the only coin they can find to rattle must be the coin they put in their boxes themselves at the beginning of the boxing day. New-square, Lincoln's Inn. TAIL-OLD MAX.

OUR LENTEN PENANCE.

FOR ANY VIRTUE to exist in Lenten fasting such fasting should be self-inflicted. But the German doctrinaires do not approve of this, for they have gently, but firmly, given us to understand that from the first day of Lent onwards we must consider ourselves as starving. So it behoves all who desire, during

rest—and I may add, in Germany, against English art—is mere bluster, like the talk of a blockade. W. E. Hammersmith, W.

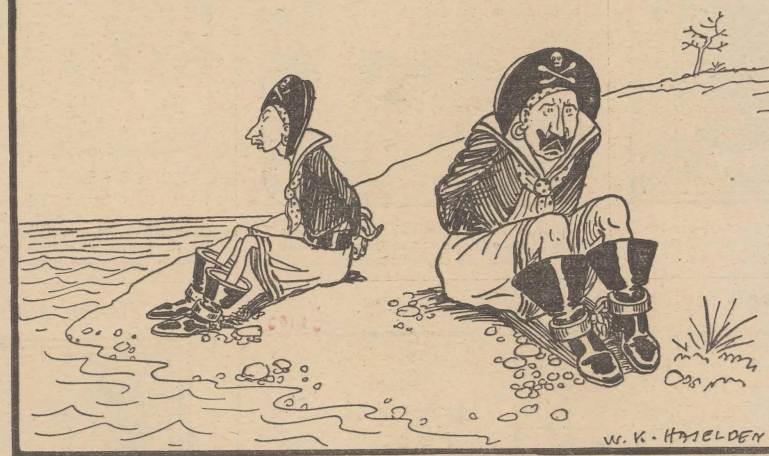
WAYS AND MEANS.

HOUSEWIVES with small incomes are full of care as to ways and means these hard times. If they wish to cast care aside let them solve the problem as I have done. I have dispensed with a domestic and with the help of a charwoman for an hour every morning my sister and I do the household work with ease, and have finished and are dressed and ready for callers with the tea table ready spread at 2.30 p.m. every day. Taking into consideration the maid's wages, food, laundry and, last but not least, her break-

WHAT IT REALLY MEANS.



THE AWFUL VISION OF WHAT IT MEANS!



The Willies' boasted blockade is due to begin to-morrow. But the people who will be blockaded—or, rather, interned—are the Willies themselves. That is what the blockade really means.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

Lent, to mortify the flesh to invent fresh forms of penance, e.g., the wearing of tight collars for the men, of dowdy clothes for the women; the invitation of one's friends, and, perhaps, one ought to add, abstinence from writing to the newspapers. N. S.

WAR AND ART.

I YIELD to no one in sincere patriotism, but do not carry my hatred of the German nation back to the Germany of the past, which produced, for example, the great composers.

It is modern Germany, with its cowardice, arrogance and brutality, that one detests and hopes to see wiped out of existence. PATRIOT.

"W. M." need not worry about Goethe, Wagner and the others. These great names will look after themselves. After the war we shall still hear of them. People who are now declaiming against them will yet pay to hear the "Ring," when they leave the opera house empty for "Lucia." Meanwhile all the talk against Goethe and the

ages and extravagance, we find that in our small family of three we save at least £80 a year. We are healthier, happier and wealthier and are mistresses of our own house; and never, as long as we have health and strength to work, will we return to the old arrangement.

Let our sisters in trouble be brave, and cast care and their pride aside and follow our example, to their great advantage and profit. AN OLD HOUSEWIFE.

THE COMING CREED.

IT SEEMS to me from reading "Insular's" letter that he displays the grossest ignorance. For he should know—

1. That the Church of England has no connection whatever with the Lutheran Church.
2. That being a branch of the Holy Catholic Church it is bound to accept the Catholic truth as expressed in the three creeds.
3. That all Christian peoples are united in Christ without distinction.
4. That the creeds are handed down by apostolical tradition, and it is not in the power of any nation to alter that tradition. K. O.

WIVES WHO RULE.

A Woman's Way of Being Supreme in the Home.

THE BAD-TEMPERED MAN.

IT IS certainly better to take your correspondent's advice and not on any account to marry a bad-tempered man who will want skilful management after marriage.

I do not agree, however, that it is easy or even possible to test a man's temper before marriage, by reference to his treatment of his own relations.

Many men don't give themselves away so easily! You cannot find out what they are really like simply by observing their conduct towards their aunts or sisters or second cousins. Very often it happens that men treat these comparatively harmless relatives quite well, whereas they reserve the worst of their tempers for the unfortunate women they happen to marry. I know of a man who has the highest respect for his mother, and is, in fact, rather afraid of her. His wife he treats with a sort of tolerant contempt, and her attempts to "manage" him are a pitiable failure. Indeed, we all boast that we know how to "manage" men. The truth is that we can generally "manage" any man, but the man we've married. With him our charms and philtres and our recipes for the control of a bad temper fail. Such, at any rate, is my experience. A. M. E. Wimbledon.

THE HASTY MARRIAGE.

SURELY your correspondent, "A Soldier's Fiancée," strikes the right note when she says that, for the mother, it is necessary for life to be free from care and anxiety, "if the child of the future is to be healthy in body and mind."

How can this be for the soldier's wife?

I wonder how many of the girls who are entering into these hasty marriages realise that their man may come back maimed for life, and that they will have to work to support him, and probably a child, on 25s. a week for the rest of their lives.

Are they not rather carried away with the novelty of being seen with the man in khaki; the glamour and excitement of a hurried wedding also to the man in khaki? And, when this has worn off, what is there to face but stern reality, and, in many cases, without a spark of true affection?

If these girls are of an age to be firmly convinced that this soldier is "the one love of their life," and no sacrifice is too great for him, then I say let them marry before the man goes to the war. Otherwise, let them think again. B. C.

"IN PERFECT ACCORD."

THE "managing" wife is surely an anachronism in these days of suffragettes. The old idea was to "give in" to her husband's appearance, and then "get back on him" afterwards.

This will not suit the modern woman with her love of independence. When I marry I shall marry a man who wants no "managing." He shall be in perfect accord with me.

Otherwise I prefer to remain single, and not to risk any happiness as I have it at present. Conduit-street, W. EIGHTEN.

IN MY GARDEN.

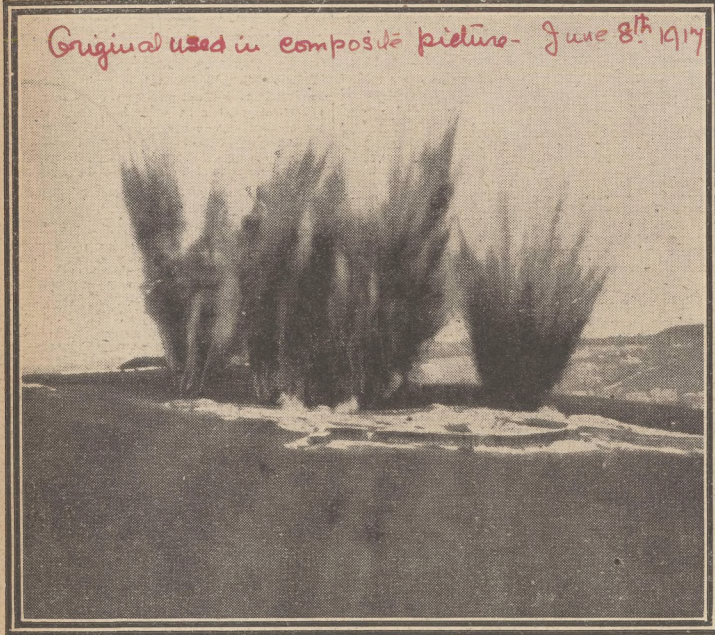
FEBRUARY 18.—There will be much work to do in the vegetable garden directly the soil becomes fairly dry; but it is useless to sow and plant during unsuitable weather. Early peas may be sown on prepared ground, and spinach can be got in—the latter in rows if apart.

Shallots may now be planted in good soil, and broad beans sown in a sunny border. Rhubarb can be dug up, if necessary, and divided, while if a few established root crops covered with tubs and sheltering material some early tubs will be obtained. B. F. T.

EXPLOSION OF A LAND MINE.

910416 E

Original used in composite picture- June 8th 1917



After the explosion of a land mine, the mined trenches are immediately occupied, the cavity giving emergency shelter while the trenches and "funk holes" are being made good. The photograph shows a land mine in the act of explosion.

GIRL TRAM CONDUCTORS.

9599



Girls applying for positions as conductors on the Edinburgh trams owing to the number of men who have joined the Army.

FAREWELL SMILE.

P. 1032



Lady Aberdeen's farewell smile to Dublin from her carriage at the state departure from the city on Monday.

A PHIL MAY OF THE TRENCHES.

P. 17009



Miss Kathleen L'Estrange

P. 19009

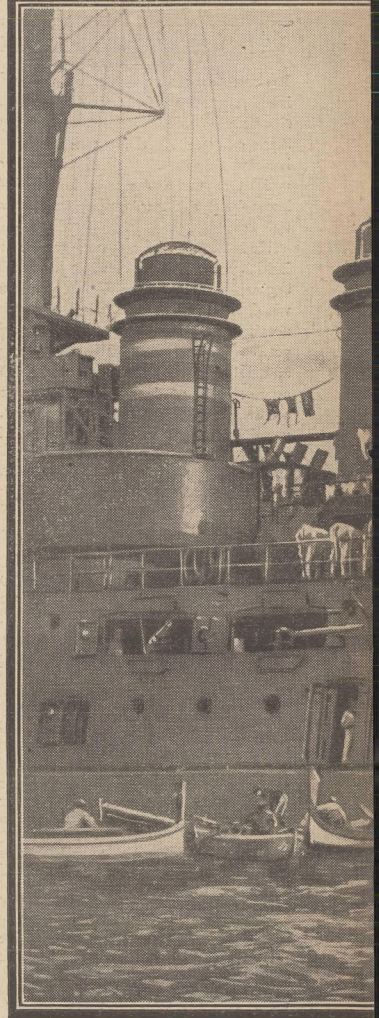


Private Brown's present.

When little Miss Kathleen L'Estrange sent a parcel of cigarettes to the front, Private H. S. Brown sent her this sketch in acknowledgment.

COWS AND WASH

9-10936 B



This photograph of a French battleship, taken at warfare. Just above the dangerous-looking guns a meal on deck. Between the funnels

PROTECTION BY PAINT AGAINST PIRATES.

92102 Q



In view of Germany's declared intentions on British merchant ships neutral vessels are painting their names on the ships' sides. This is being done in spite of the German secret Note to Sweden saying that painted neutral signs on the sides of ships will not save them from attack.

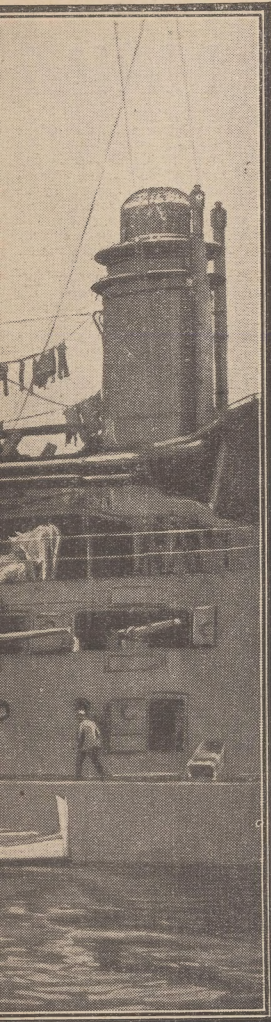
LORD ABERDEEN'S EXIT FROM DUBLIN.

P. 1032



The Earl of Aberdeen, whose period of office as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland has expired, making his state exit from Dublin. He is seen passing the old Irish Houses of Parliament, escorted by the 5th Royal Irish Lancers.

ON WARSHIP.



Illustrates the domestic side of naval life. Peaceful cows are contentedly enjoying a holiday on the ship. A net is hung out to dry.

ON BOARD SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S RED CROSS YACHT, THE ERIN, WHICH IS BOUND FOR THE MEDITERRANEAN DURING THE TRIP AGAINST TYPHOID. THE NURSES BELONG TO THE BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY AND ST. JOHN AMBULANCE CORPS.



On board Sir Thomas Lipton's Red Cross yacht, the Erin, which is bound for the Mediterranean during the trip against typhoid. The nurses belong to the British Red Cross Society and St. John Ambulance Corps.

DEATH OF HELEN, LADY ABINGER.



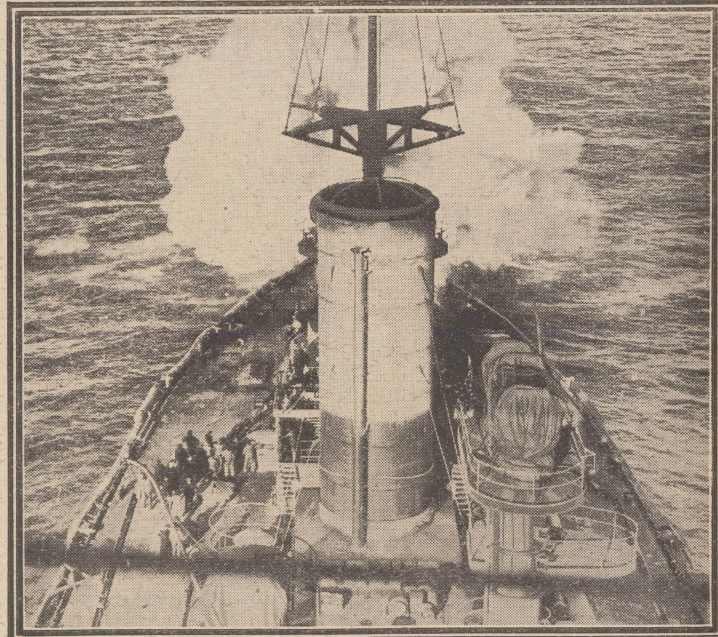
Helen, Lady Abinger, who has just died at her London residence, 46, Cornwall-gardens.

TO WED TO-MORROW



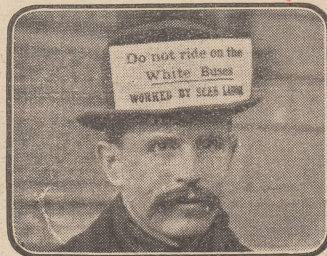
Miss Norah Beatrice Winifred Alexander, who is to marry Mr. H. M. Parrington to-morrow.

AMERICA'S BIG GUN TRIALS.



The American Navy is being speeded up to war pitch. Lately most of the American battleships have been out on big gun trials, with highly satisfactory results. America has always been noted for her first-class gunnery.

PICKET PLACARD.



Although few people know it, there is a little omnibus strike on and this is how the pickets are working.

PLANTING THE CHERRY.



Three town dwellers planting cherry-trees at the new cultivation area started to find work for women during the war.

PANCAKE DAY IN WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.



Yesterday was Pancake Day at Westminster School. The scene in the great hall, where the boys are watching the struggle for the pancake. In the smaller photograph the winner, T. M. Ker, who secured the largest portion of the pancake when it was tossed from the frying-pan, and thus won the guinea.

The Future of the Empire lies in the arms of every Nursing Mother



A Bonnie Glaxo Girl

From a Doctor.

"Glaxo is superior to ordinary milk, being so much more digestible, and should be absolutely invaluable to mothers who for any reason cannot suckle their infants. I shall always recommend it in such cases." (Signed)

M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

From a Chemist.

"I am a chemist in business and a family man, and have during the last twelve years handled all the different children's foods on the market, and have tested most of them, and I consider Glaxo to be the only perfect one on the market."

"I have a baby girl seven months old, and I gave her, up to the age of five months, a mixture of milk, barley water, sugar of milk, cream and sodium citrate, which on paper would seem to be a perfect food. But Glaxo is vastly superior to this, for it is more satisfying, induces healthy sleep, and being readily digested does not give rise to wind, griping or constipation, which are so distressing to milk-fed babies." (Signed)

P. B. P., F.C.S., Ph.C.

From a Nurse.

"Your food has filled a long-felt want. A food to go with mother's milk, as so many mothers feel the tie of constant feeding night and day, and a bottle alternately is just what was wanted to make mothers feed their babies. 'Glaxo' has come in the nick of time to save the babies being solely fed from the bottle."

THE mothers who do all they can to rear stronger, healthier, happier babies are not only obeying the highest instincts of motherhood, but are also rendering a service to their country of the greatest possible importance—for it is *their* children who, in the future, will be the most fit and useful citizens of our great Empire.

According to the Annual Report (1913) of the Medical Officer for the Board of Education, the majority of children are born healthy, but their chances of adult physical fitness are often perhaps irreparably impaired on the very threshold of life; and it cannot be too strongly urged that the whole future health and happiness of a baby may be made or marred during the first months of life.

One of the greatest perils of babyhood is wrong feeding—it is the cause of enfeebled constitutions, ruined digestions, spoiled tempers, rickets, bad teeth, and a host of other evils which remain a handicap throughout life.

If every mother could feed her baby at the breast for at least six months after birth, these evils would be scarcely known—for the mother would then have no need to resort to artificial feeding, the abuse of which is the cause of so much trouble. His mother's milk is the food that Nature provides for baby's special benefit, and—given the mother is healthy and that her milk is rich and plentiful enough and agrees with baby—no other food can possibly be so good.

But it often happens that the mother's milk is neither rich nor plentiful enough to satisfy baby's needs, or perhaps the mother is not strong enough to bear the strain of continual breast-feeding. What is she to do?

The solution of the problem is Glaxo.

"Glaxo is about the only food that can be given while the mother is still nursing—it never upsets the baby." These are the words of a nurse of some 15 years' experience, and they indicate one of the ways in which Glaxo helps the mother who cannot satisfy her baby at the breast. Instead of putting baby wholly on the bottle, she can give him a bottle of Glaxo in turn with the breast—so that while baby's hunger is entirely satisfied, he still has plenty of breast milk without putting an undue strain upon his mother. This is in many cases the best way of feeding Baby. Not only does it allow the mother more freedom, but, should her milk be affected through worry or illness or should she have to go away suddenly, Baby will take his Glaxo quite contentedly and the regularity of his feeding will not be interfered with.

Even more notable is the fact that by taking Glaxo *herself* the mother can not only build up her own strength, but can also *improve and increase the supply of her own milk*; so that, though at first the breast milk may be insufficient for baby's needs, she is soon able to satisfy him entirely without recourse to bottle feeding at all.

But if for any reason baby cannot have any breast milk, then Glaxo is clearly indicated as the one safe food as a sole diet from birth. This is because Glaxo is in *no sense* an artificial food. Glaxo is milk and nothing but milk—but it is the purest and best milk obtainable, with all its sweetness and purity permanently fixed at the source of supply by the Glaxo Process, which also makes the milk free of germs and *easily digestible*. Extra cream and milk sugar are added to the proportions contained in normal breast milk: but, like breast milk, Glaxo is entirely free from starch, flour, malt, cane sugar, preservatives or colouring matter.

Throughout the country there are Municipal Authorities whose object it is to improve babies' chances of permanent health and fitness. We have to look no further for proof of the value of Glaxo. Many such Authorities experimented with Glaxo upon its introduction some years ago, and they have continued to purchase and use it right up to the present day, and among the many official bodies continuously using Glaxo may be mentioned the following:—

Sheffield Corporation have purchased since July, 1908.. 89,966lbs.
Manchester School for Mothers has purchased 47,498lbs.
Rotherham Corporation have purchased 44,479lbs.
Bradford Health Department has purchased 36,950lbs.
Lincoln Health Department has purchased 10,940lbs.
Birmingham Health Department has purchased 6,500lbs.

If there were anything in Glaxo which a young baby should not have; if Glaxo did not contain everything to build healthier, happier, stronger babies than was previously possible; if there were any better food for their purpose obtainable, do you suppose that such authorities would have continued to use Glaxo in *ever-increasing quantities*, as they have?

Milk in a pure, germ-free, easily digestible form, is the only food suitable for a young baby. Ordinary "fresh" milk is

generally unsuitable for infant feeding owing to its great susceptibility to contamination, the rapid chemical changes it undergoes and its indigestibility. All these objections are overcome in Glaxo, and mothers have good reason to be thankful to dairy science for the Glaxo Process, which has made it possible to permanently fix and retain all the sweetness and purity of fresh, new milk until it is consumed by baby.



A Bonnie Glaxo Boy

All necessary information about Glaxo and many useful hints about Baby will be found in the beautiful 72-page GLAXO BABY BOOK, and we need hardly say that we shall be only too pleased to give all the information and help in our power. Further, we frankly say to every mother—*Ask your Doctor!* for it is mainly through the recommendation of the Medical Profession that Glaxo is enabled to do its part in helping the mothers of the Empire to build healthier, happier, bonnier babies—babies that have every chance of growing up into happy, vigorous, useful citizens.



Awarded Gold Medal International Medical Congress Exhibition, 1913. By Appointment to the Court of Spain.

"Builds Bonnie Babies"

1/-, 2/-, 5/- Tins of all Chemists and Stores.

Ask your Doctor!

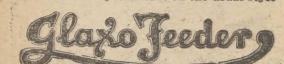
FREE to everyone who loves a Baby—the 72-page Glaxo Baby Book



The Perfect Feeder

British-made Throughout

"The Practitioner" says:—"We have carefully examined the Glaxo Feeder, and have no hesitation in saying that it is the best that has come to our notice. It is remarkably simple; easily cleaned; does not crack when put from hot into cold liquids; its dosage can be accurately measured from both ends; the valve and teat cannot be pulled off by baby while feeding. Its shape is an immense improvement on the usual style."



Feeder complete in box with Teat and Valve, 1s. Spare bottles, 7d. each. Teats, 5d. each. Valves, 5d. each. If your chemist cannot supply you, send P.O. direct to Glaxo, 45B, King's-road, St. Pancras, N.W.

If you have the care of a baby you will find a copy of the Glaxo Baby Book invaluable. That it is full of information about Baby can be seen by the Table of Contents printed below. The book contains 72 beautifully printed and illustrated pages full of useful hints on how Baby should be bathed, clothed and fed; how he should sleep; how to recognise and deal with the ailments to which babyhood is subject; a complete feeding Time Table from birth to twelve months and a long list of useful recipes for baby's dietary up to 24 years. With every copy is also sent a Weight Chart which enables you to record baby's progress all through his first year. For 5d. in stamps a Trial Tin of Glaxo will also be sent.

FULL INDEX OF THE GLAXO BABY BOOK

Page	Page	Page
Adenoids	Development	Night Feeds
Advice to a Mother	Diarrhoea	Nursery
Albumen Water	Dietaries 9 to 12 months	Nursing Mothers
Ailments	12 to 18 "	Premature Babies
Analysis	14 to 24 years	Quinny
Bathing Baby	Diphtheria	Regular Habits
Beef Juice	Dysentery	Restless Sleep
Beef Tea	Expectant Mothers	Rickets
Bow Legs	Export "Glaxo"	Ringworm
Bread and Glaxo	Feeding Baby	Scalds
Bronchitis	Feeding Bottles	Scarlet Fever
Broth (Veal)	Fever	Scorbutina
Burns	German Measles	Scurvy
Capacity of Baby's	German What it is	Squint
Bathing	Glaxo	Teething
Chicken Pox	Glaxo compared to Milk	Time Table for Feeding
Cholera	Directions for preparing	Testimonials
Clothing	Hiccough	Thrush
Colds	Infectious Diseases	Tonality
Colic	Jaundice	Travelling
Conjunctivitis	Measles	Typhoid Fever
Constipation	Measles	Vaccination
Convulsions	Measles	Veal Broth
Cost of rearing a baby	Meat Juice	Vomiting
on Glaxo	Medicine Chest	Weight Chart
Croup	Mumps	When Baby goes out
Coward		
Delicate Babies		

Proprietors: J. Nathan and Co., Ltd., Wellington, N.Z., and London.

Send this Coupon or a Postcard TO-DAY

To GLAXO, 45B, King's Road, St. Pancras, N.W.

Please send me by return the 72-page GLAXO BABY BOOK offered FREE to Everyone who loves a Baby. I INTEND TO TRY GLAXO (1) To Improve Breast Milk (2) In Turn with Breast Milk. (3) As a Sole Food for Baby.

(Please strike out the uses that don't apply to you.)

Name

Address

Chemist's Name

Address

N.B.—If 5d. in stamps is sent with this Coupon a large Trial Tin of Glaxo will be supplied to you in addition to the Baby Book.

D.Mr. 17/2/15.

JUST LIKE OTHER MEN

The Cross Currents of a Girl's Love.

By ALEXANDER CRAWFORD

"She is a woman, therefore may be won."

New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

JEAN DELAVAL, a charming, clear-headed, sincere girl of twenty-four.

LIONEL CRAVEN, a straightforward young Englishman of twenty-eight.

ASHLEY CRESWICK, his half-brother. He is a moneylender.

FAY CRESWICK, Ashley's wife. A shrewd, hard scheming woman.

DEREK TRENCH, Lionel Craven's friend and partner.

LIONEL CRAVEN, on board a liner coming over from South Africa, is day-dreaming about a girl on board who interests him profoundly. His day-dreams are interrupted by Derek Trench. "I've found out all about her," he says excitedly. "Her name is Jean Delaval. She is a governess to the Hepsteins and has refused an offer of marriage from young Hepstein, who is heir to millions. She is coming back to her father, who is very ill."

Lionel Craven tells Derek that he has fallen wholeheartedly in love with the girl. Derek Trench contrives to introduce them. At first Jean Delaval cannot make Lionel Craven out. It seems to her that he is making friends too quickly—that he holds her friendship too cheaply. Lionel eventually convinces Jean Delaval of his sincerity. One night he asks Jean Delaval to marry him. He pleads passionately, and the girl, who knows that in him she has met the man amongst all men for her, finally consents. They are forced to say good-bye to each other at Southampton for a time.

Lionel goes straight to Ashley Cresswick in Kensington. Lionel tries to borrow £5,000 from him for business purposes, but meets with a rebuff. Ashley Cresswick confesses to his wife that he has robbed Lionel of his inheritance. He thinks it better to get Lionel out of the country again. Lionel eventually convinces Jean Delaval of his sincerity. One night he asks Jean Delaval to marry him. He pleads passionately, and the girl, who knows that in him she has met the man amongst all men for her, finally consents. They are forced to say good-bye to each other at Southampton for a time.

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In a heated interview with Cresswick Jean promises to pay off her father's debt in a month. After writing to Lionel and breaking off the engagement she cables to young Hepstein saying that she will marry him if he will lend her £5,000 for a month. One day when Fay is out on a man speaks to her. To her horror, she recognises her first husband, Paul Schroder, whom she thought dead. He leaves her with a threat.

Frightened as she is, she does not forget that she must get Lionel out of the country, and so she tells him that Jean has returned to South Africa. He has booked a passage back when he suddenly meets Jean. She tells him, amongst other things, that she is quite untrue about her ever wanting to go back to South Africa.

Trench finds out that the Cresswicks are playing a double game, and tells Lionel to pretend that he is going away. Believing this, Ashley gives them the cheque for £5,000. Lionel and Derek go off to Southampton to find Jean Delaval, but really for Folkestone to find Jean Delaval. Lionel sees her, and she promises not to run away from him again.

Unfortunately, when Derek calls on Cresswick to say that he has seen Lionel off, he accidentally drops two chair tickets from Folkestone. Cresswick instantly suspects the truth, and stops the cheque. Derek calls on him again.

Whilst he is asking for an explanation, the sinister figure of Schroder arrives and demands to see Fay Cresswick.

THE APPOINTMENT.

AS Fay went hurriedly along the hall to see her unwelcome visitor she had a curious feeling that her feet were not on the ground. Everything in the world had become suddenly unreal. There were strange little alternating spasms of anger and terror, but now that the blow was struck they neither of them had the force of anticipation.

It was terror, probably, that gained the upper hand; a kind of obscure dread that Ashley would come out suddenly and find her talking to Paul Schroder. It was curious—and in that brief instant she thought of this—that her mind still persisted in thinking of Ashley as her husband.

Her fear was all the more amazing to her because she had always held Ashley and his opinions in such contempt, and she wondered vaguely why she should shrink from letting him discover the truth. She had had time to analyse her feelings, she would have seen that what terrified her was the dread of loosening her hold on the wealth and luxury which her marriage with the moneylender had brought her and the trampling in the dust of her ambitious plans for educating her boy and for placing him in the world.

Those plans were all summed up in terms of money. Wealth, power, influence—these were the gifts she had asked the gods to bestow upon her son; and her worldly wisdom taught her that they were not to be obtained but by profuse expenditure.

Her plans for Eric had been schemed for many years in advance—till he was a man, in fact. He was to have gone to one of the best

schools—Eton or Harrow, for instance—and afterwards to a university.

The first part of her plans had been knocked off the head by the bitter fact that Ashley's questionable profession formed an insuperable barrier to his admission. But nothing should prevent him from going to Oxford—she had set her mind on that—and nothing should prevent him from graduating in the greater university of the social world.

How often had she discussed these schemes with Ashley! He, on his part, had listened to her patiently, and even encouraged her to talk, as he had sorrowfully found out they were the only occasions when she treated him with any consideration or respect.

And now! . . . The fuse was lighted and the bomb was threatening to explode. Was it any wonder that her heart fluttered at the thought of Ashley coming out before she had got rid of Schroder?

She was very white and hollow-eyed when she stood before the man who had found her, but a servant was standing within hearing in the spacious hall, and she contrived with a wonderful effort to retain her self-control.

Paul Schroder rose bravely to his feet as she came towards him, and she skilfully shepherded him to the outer vestibule close to the big green door where no one could overhear them.

"So you have found me?" she said in a low voice. There was a venomous look in her light blue eyes, like the glint of steel. Schroder gave a quiet laugh.

"You might have guessed I shouldn't let you escape quite so easily," he said.

Fay looked at him in silence for a moment. She felt a fierce hatred of the man cursing through her veins. Her tiny hands clenched and clenched as if they were itching to fly at his throat.

"Well, what are we going to do?" she asked at last, and her quiet voice vibrated curiously.

"I can't talk to you here," he said. "I don't want to waste words; outside if you like. I'm going to have it out with you somewhere. I want a definite answer."

Fay glanced furtively over her shoulder, and the man watching her saw that an insolent smile of the power of the hold he possessed.

"You can't have an answer here," she replied. "My husband will be out in a minute."

"Your what?"

The smothering emphasis of his question cut her like the lash of a whip, but she only covered under it. She corrected herself almost apologetically.

"Mr. Cresswick," she said.

"That's better," said Schroder. "I thought the doubtful privilege of being your husband belonged to me."

Fay was recovering herself. In spite of her panic she had been quick to notice that he was almost as much alarmed as herself at the contingency of meeting Ashley, and his nervousness was evidently accentuated by the sound of the library door opening at that moment and of two men's voices talking.

Paul Schroder's hands went instinctively to the latch, but he tried to cover his precipitate action by more bluster. It did not suit his purpose of springing the mine yet.

"I'll give you another chance," he said, sinking his voice to a hoarse whisper. "Meet me at the corner, outside Kensington Church, in half an hour."

"If I can," Fay replied, and she almost thrust him out as Ashley and Derek Trench walked slowly down the hall.

She did not attempt to detain Mr. Trench any longer. After she had blown so precipitately out of the library, she had indeed stammered out a would-be insistent command that he should not take his departure before her return, but that had been a frantic, instinctive desire to keep him safely in the room.

Nor was either of the men anxious to prolong the interview. Before the providential footman saved him by coming to the door at a critical moment, Trench had been getting into an uncomfortable tight corner. Mrs. Cresswick's clever thrusts had penetrated his guard, and he

had been already wondering what admissions he would make next.

For a different reason Ashley, too, wanted to get rid of him. He had seen very plainly the wild panic on Fay's face, and his mind, always suspicious of what he could not understand, was determined to find out who the visitor was who had struck such a terror into his wife's heart. He had taken the first opportunity of closing the interview and of following his wife into the hall.

He was only in time to see the closing of the door, and when it had been shut a second time on Derek Trench he took Fay by the arm and led her firmly into the library. She saw the ugly suspicion peeping out of his eyes and cast about for a ready lie.

"Who was it?" Ashley asked.

"Such an escape!" she replied. "It was Paker."

"What did he want?"

"Money. I promised to pay him well for that report."

Ashley seemed satisfied. "I can't have him coming up here like this," he said. "He'll know something about it on Monday."

Please, Ashley," she said entreatingly, "the man already thinks he's got hold of us, and you must not forget he believes you know nothing about it."

"As you like," said Ashley.

Fay breathed freely again, thinking she had satisfied him.

"I'm going out presently," she said. "Is there anything you want?"

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Oh, just along the High-street."

Ashley nodded. "No, thanks," he said. "I've some letters to write."

It was not often Ashley succeeded in deceiving his wife. It was indeed the first time in his recollection, but that he had been obvious from the look of relief which passed over her face.

She had got into the habit now of living from hand to mouth with her terrors, satisfied if she could avert the danger that was immediately threatening. There was no looking ahead now—she never paused to think that Ashley might mention the matter to Paker on Monday, or that he must ask the footman the name of the man who had just left the house. She had satisfied him for the moment, and that was enough.

She would have altered her opinion if she had seen Ashley's behaviour after she had left the room. He threw off his languid good nature like a cloak, and the smile he had assumed gave place to the furtive look of a conspirator.

There was a window at the side of the room which commanded a partial view of the street, and some twenty minutes later when he heard the front door shut he took up a position behind the curtain.

It would have seemed that all he wanted to discover was the direction in which she was going, for the moment she had disappeared round the corner he hurried into the hall, put on his coat and soft felt hat and ran after her.

A DRAMATIC MEETING.

PAUL SCHRODER rather fervently wished he

had given Fay a quarter of an hour instead of double that period, the rendezvous he had mentioned being only distant some three minutes' walk.

His mind reverted to the picture of the last evening he had just left. Whatever vague ideas he had formed on the subject, he had never imagined anything like this.

If he had been an ordinary blackmailer, not on playing off the details of exposure he might have been well satisfied; but he was not a blackmailer, and the opulence of the mansion he had just left scared him.

He was no fool, and he knew only too well the power of money. There was going to be a fight for that boy of his, and an unarmed peasant might as well hope to capture a battlemented fortress as he to think he would be able, single-handed, to face the machinery of the law in meeting on his behalf.

The law did not favour poor men. He asked himself bitterly what judge or jury would allow him to take the child from luxury in order to place it in poverty.

"Would it be for the child's good?" they would ask. He knew it would. He knew his wife's character; no one better. He had faults of his own, plenty of them, but they were faults of weakness, not of wickedness; while she—she had no words bad enough for the wife who had left him.

He still had the weapon of exposure. What would a woman like Fay give to save her own soul's skin? What was her position in society worth? Did she hold it above everything, or was she honest for once in her life when she said she would give up all rather than render up her son to his keeping?

Paul Schroder did not know. He was acquainted with most of the intricate mazes of her iniquity, but he knew also the tigerish ferocity of her maternal love.

He hardly cared, indeed, to dignify it with the name of love. It was a passion with her, almost an insanity; devoid of anything like the tenderness of other mothers; but—and this was the point—he knew she would go to torture and death to save her son.

What, then, if she refused and he carried out his threat? What good would it do? For a man of such coarse fibre he strangely lacked vindictiveness, and he felt no pleasure in the thought that he was bringing his wife to ruin. Let her enjoy her mansion, her motor-car and

(Continued on page 11.)

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ACTRESS TELLS

SECRET.

A Well-known Actress Tells How She Darkened Her Grey Hair and Promoted Its Growth with a Simple Home-made Mixture.

Miss Blanche Rose, a well-known actress, who darkened her grey hair with a simple preparation which she mixed at home, in a recent interview, made the following statement: "Any lady or gentleman can darken their grey hair and make it soft and glossy with this simple recipe, which they can mix at home. To a half-pint of water add 1oz. of bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and 1oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the required shade. This will make a grey-haired person look 20 years younger. It is also fine to promote the growth of hair, relieves itching and scalp humours, and is excellent for dandruff and falling hair."

(Adv.)

(Translation, dramatic, and all other rights secured.)



Colonel Driscoll, D.S.O.

Smiling Driscoll.

London was quite a smiling city yesterday under a welcome sun, and with a keen invigorating air one was able to shake off for a while the effects of war and months of gloomy nights. I was amusing myself counting the smiles in the Strand yesterday morning when I saw one that ought to have counted for two, and its owner was Colonel Driscoll, of Scout fame, who has just received War Office permission to raise a new battalion to be called the Frontiersmen's.

He Didn't Wait Long.

Colonel Driscoll is always happiest when there is fighting about. I remember when the South African war broke out he was flourishing as a civil engineer until the news of trouble came along. Then he "chucked" everything, took the first boat to Capetown, and the next thing we heard were astonishing stories of the newly-formed Driscoll's Scouts.

Fought in Burmah.

But that was by no means his first experience with war. When he was twenty-six he was fighting down in Burmah as orderly officer to General Gatacre. He learnt a lot of tricks of mountain and bush campaigning there that are useful on the Veldt. And now I expect we shall be hearing a lot more of Driscoll from "Somewhere in France" before very long.

The Point of View is Altered.

Yes, London is quite a cheerful place on a morning like yesterday. But what a different place from the London of a normal February morning. It is not exactly the preponderance of khaki alone, it is the absolutely changed point of view that everyone has. One never talks of Monte or the winter sports or Walton Heath or any of the places we used to talk about on bright spring mornings of the past. The talk is of Hazebruck and Dunkirk now. Even we whose business does not take us there, have most of our friends engaged in the "mud sports," as a waggish youngster put it to me yesterday.

They Grow Up Quickly.

He is very young still, but since a day in August last, when he sailed for France, the youngest of young subalterns, he has seen a lot of things. When I met him wandering along by the Green Park just before lunch he was wearing a second star on his shoulder straps, and he told me cheerily he would be a captain next time he came home. And it seems only a few months ago that he was rather a big schoolboy, not a bit above accepting "five bob" in the truly humble and grateful spirit of a tip. These are days when youth matures swiftly.

No War—on Holiday.

We forgathered for luncheon, this young warrior and I. He told me that London seemed very empty. Boulogne I understood contained everybody one ever knew. He told me all the gossip of "out there." And the scandal. There is a lot of scandal. But I couldn't get any information about the war. To him it was all mud and discomfort, and he was on holiday and wanted to do things rapidly during his brief ten days' leave.

Finds London Dull.

I made a few notes of the way this youngster has amused himself since he came home on Saturday. He has been to three music-halls—he says the theatres are rotten; he has seen nearly every play before, and he can't understand why we at home put up with old stuff revived—he works in about five teas an afternoon, generally goes to bed very early because the dark streets give him the hump, and spends the rest of the time walking about from club to restaurant or to call on old friends, and generally thinks London a dull if comfortable place.

A Rare Compliment.

The House of Commons on Monday was full of interesting incidents quite apart from the two big speeches of the day. Not the least of these was the introduction of Mr. Montagu, the new Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, by the Prime Minister and the Chief Liberal Whip. It is rare indeed that the head of the Government acts as sponsor to a newly-elected member, and Mr. Asquith's part in the introductory ceremony is a most eloquent proof of his high opinion of Mr. Montagu's personal qualities.

The King's Many Kindnesses.

The King's great sympathy and thought for his subjects are, of course, well known, but since the war broke out his Majesty's kindly acts on behalf of those who are fighting his country's battles have been legion. Here is a particularly pleasing one of which I heard for the first time yesterday. In August last there was living in the West Country a young doctor with a nice fat practice, which he patriotically threw up in order to enlist. A month or so passed, then one day the battalion to which he belonged was unexpectedly ordered to parade for inspection by the King.

Chance and a Conversation.

In the course of the inspection his Majesty chanced to approach close to the doctor. At that moment his A.D.C. was called away on an urgent matter, whereupon the King turned to the doctor and began to converse with him in the delightfully informal way that has endeared him to all his subjects. He expressed great interest in learning what had been the new recruit's former profession, and by a few tactful questions soon discovered what sacrifices had been made through patriotism.

And What Followed.

Beyond cherishing a very pleasant memory of the conversation the doctor thought no more of the incident until two days later, when he received a letter requesting him to go to Buckingham Palace. He went, and there was informed that the King had been pleased to appoint him one of his special messengers during the war.

Miss Billie Burke Ill.

Miss Billie Burke has been ill, I heard yesterday. She was taken ill while playing in Boston, Massachusetts, about a fortnight ago. She was "starring" in a popular American success, "Terry" at the time, and



Miss Billie Burke.

though she pluckily tried to go on with her work—she fainted in her dressing-room one evening, but she insisted on playing, nevertheless—she broke down at last, and she had to undergo an operation.

When She Was Here.

I was glad to hear that there was every hope of a complete recovery and that Miss Burke will soon be back again on the stage. Miss Billie Burke has deserted us here in London for many years now. In fact, I think one of her last appearances was in the "Belle of Mayfair," nearly eight years ago. There she succeeded Miss Phyllis Dare, who succeeded Miss Edna May, whose sudden resignation of her part caused one of the theatrical sensations of the year.

American Successes.

Miss Burke is American born, and since she returned to her native country she has been doing great things under the Frohman management. From time to time in recent years I have heard it rumoured that she was coming back to England again. But rumour has never materialised. America has, I suppose, offered too many attractions to the dainty actress with the wonderful red hair.

A Khaki Wedding.

Hardly a day passes without its war wedding in London. Yesterday's was quiet, as usual, and took place at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, when Captain Colin Hugh Calvert Sharp, of the South Wales Borderers, married Miss Helen Marjorie Kirk, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Kirk, of Beech Hill, Sheffield. The ceremony was an early morning one, and was all over before ten o'clock. And it was most military, for the bride's brother officiated, and he wore khaki uniform, as he is an Army chaplain.

Birds Among the Ribbons.

It is not often that I am beguiled into entering the, to me, terrifying portals of a draper's shop, but I was yesterday, thanks to the insistence of a small relative, and I was vastly amused, not by the draperies or whatever you call the stock, but by the sight of a number of small and gaily coloured birds flying among the ribbons and lace.

Not Shy.

The birds perched on wooden sticks which were twined with roses and erected close to their cages. In answer to an astonished customer who asked the saleswoman if she were not afraid the little birds would fly away, I heard: "Oh, no, madam, they never fly but a little way beyond their cage." The birds are not at all afraid of the customers, who gaze at them curiously. Drapers' shops seem interesting. I must go to some more.

Our Football Campaign.

Our day's progress in the football campaign may be summed up thus: Total, 1,750; lots of letters of thanks, lots more of application. Still lots more footballs wanted.

London's Gift.

Yesterday I saw a smart motor-ambulance standing in the Strand. It bore, in Russian characters, the words "Podarok goroda, Londona," which being translated means, "The gift of the City of London." The ambulance, I understand, is one of many destined for our Eastern Allies.

Oxford Boxing Blue a Prisoner.

The well-known Oxford boxing Blue, Lieutenant R. F. Gore-Browne, has had the worst of luck, I see, in breaking his leg in attempting to escape from German hands. He was one of the most popular men in the "Varsity" last year, and represented Oxford in the boxing competitions with Cambridge. Second son of the well-known K.C., Lieutenant Gore-Browne is a keen motorist and actor. He has frequently appeared in theatricals at Oxford, and is a popular figure at Brooklands.

"Dukie" Returns.

The Duke of Abercorn, I see, is to return to his old regiment, the 1st Life Guards, as captain, the rank he held when he resigned his commission some twelve years ago. His choice of the Life Guards when he entered the Army is said to have been due to his great stature—in any other regiment, his friends said, he would be too conspicuous. So into the Guards he went—where he made himself very popular among his fellow-officers, who dubbed him "Dukie."

Expert in Cooking.

Among the Duke's many interests is the study of ornithology, and he has a splendid aviary of rare birds at Baronscourt, his family home in Ireland. He has shot big game in the wilds of Africa; is a clever amateur artist and is considered an expert on such diverse subjects as cooking and uniforms. He represented Londonderry in Parliament as a Unionist from 1900 to 1913.

Birthday Once in Four Years.

King Edward was godfather both to the Duke and his little heir, Lord Hamilton, who was born in 1904. Lord Hamilton, though he is heir to 26,000 acres and quite a number of titles, is an unlucky boy in one respect—he has a birthday only once in four years, having been born on February 29 of a leap-year.

Ordered to Get the D.S.O.

Heroism and modesty have ever gone hand in hand. The case of a young officer in the R.A.M.C., who, I understand, is to get the D.S.O. for bringing in a wounded man under heavy shell fire, is no exception to the rule. "Absolute nonsense, I call it," was his modest disclaimer. "I was jolly well ordered to go and bring the beggar in! Simply couldn't help myself, you know!"

THE RAMBLER.

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Do your duty to your skin and get Antexema to-day. Supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Lewis and Burrows, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle. Also throughout India, Australasia, Canada, Africa and Europe.

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"Daily Mirror," 17/2/15.

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NEWS ITEMS.

to H.M. the King

The Daily Mirror

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THE SPORTSMAN'S BATTALION GOES ON A RECRUITING MARCH.

P. 17010



This photograph shows Colonel Paget and staff officers watching the march past of the Sportsman's Battalion after they had been on a recruiting march. The Sportsman's Battalion includes any number of famous athletes and men who are promi-

nent in the racing world. But practically every branch of athletics and sport is now represented in the ranks of the battalion, which has become exceedingly popular.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

PANCAKES FOR "TOMMY."

g. 380 R.



Yesterday was Pancake Tuesday, and everywhere the Army cooks were busy in preparing pancakes for the boys who have answered their country's call.

SHOT 27 UHLANS.

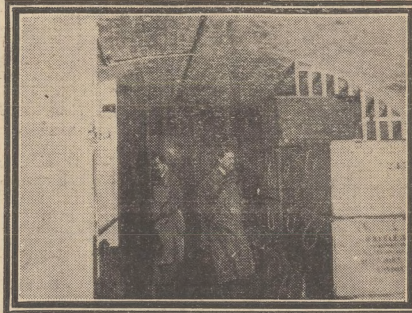
P. 17009



Sergeant Emile Parys, of the Belgian Army, wearing King Albert's gold medal for bravery, which is the equivalent to our Victoria Cross. Digging a pit, he concealed himself in it and shot twenty-seven out of thirty Uhlans, and then left his hiding place and seized their horses.

CELLARS AS A SHELTER.

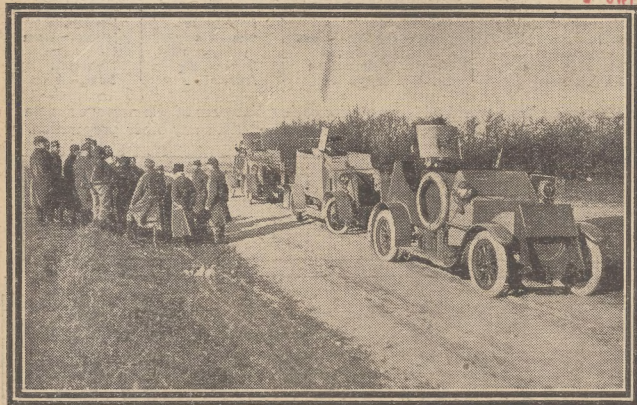
g. 655 N



Park-lane wine cellars which are, by a notice, offered to the public as a shelter should the Zeppelins come to London.

A MEET OF ARMoured CARS IN FRANCE.

g. 84 S



Here is a fleet of armoured motor-cars in the north of France. The drivers have stopped for a consultation at the roadside. The armoured car has proved itself one of the most effective weapons of modern warfare in the hands of the Allies.

GERMAN PRISONERS AT VICTORIA.

g. 11910 J



German sailors belonging to the Konigin Luise arriving at Victoria Station on their way for treatment at a convalescent home. They are under a military escort. Some German prisoners have already been sent home in exchange for British